

Vol. VI
of X

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers

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V FOR VENDETTA™



V FOR VENDETTA

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V FOR VENDETTA 6

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The image shows a newspaper lying on a patterned surface, possibly a rug or carpet. The newspaper is the central focus, with its masthead and headline clearly visible. The masthead reads 'EVENING POST' in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below the masthead, the headline 'CRIME FIGURES FALL' is printed in a similar bold, serif font. To the left of the headline, there is a small rectangular box containing the text 'BEING SOLD'. To the right of the headline, there is a circular logo with the letters 'E.P.' inside. The newspaper is slightly crumpled and appears to be resting on a dark, patterned surface. In the background, there is a dark doorway or window frame, and a vertical element on the right side that looks like a door handle or a piece of furniture. The overall lighting is somewhat dim, creating a somber or mysterious atmosphere.

BEING SOLD

EVENING POST

CRIME FIGURES FALL

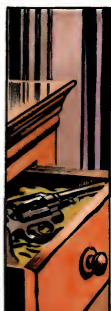
E.P.



THE EVENING POST

CRIME FIGURES FALL







CHAPTER 8 VENGEANCE



EXCUSE ME...

GAHH!



I'M SORRY...

I'M SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

I WONDERED IF YOU KNEW WHERE THE STAGE DOOR WAS?

STAGE?



I HAVE A JOB I START TONIGHT.

I CAN'T FIND THE STAGE DOOR.

UH NO.



NO, I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS. I'M SORRY PERHAPS ROUND THE BACK...?

YOUR NAME'S ROSE, ISN'T IT?

YES, THAT'S RIGHT.

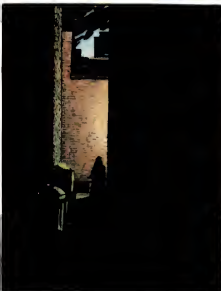
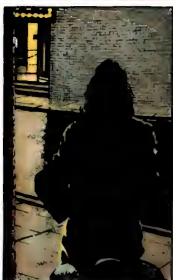
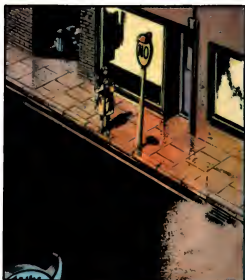
UH, WELL, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER LOOK...



THANKS ANYWAY.

SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU.

THAT'S ALRIGHT.





EH, SOAB, Y'
GETUN EN, EH?

EH, YIZZA
TIGHT BASTUD,
YU'RE...

EH,
GO AN

CISSA
PINTA HEAVY
ANNA BABYCHAN,
FUH YIBELF,
EH?

AW
PESSANT,
WIYA P



WHASSAMATTER,
SOAB? WEH
CELEBRATIN!

DY NO FEEL
LIKE CELEBRATIN
OR WHA?



SPIKKIN
FUH KASEL, AH
GETTUN STEAWIN.



...SO WHOOSA ONE
YITHUH BEG TETS?
EZZAT CAROLE?

NAV,
THAS JEM'S BERD,
WHASSANAKE,
DIYRAU...





THE AIR AROUND ME IS COMPLETELY BLACK. I THINK THAT PERHAPS I'M BACKSTAGE AT THE THEATRE, DURING THE INTERVAL.

I SMELL ROSES AND THINK ABOUT THE SCENTED BIRTHDAY CARDS MY MOTHER FOUND IN A SHOE BOX AT OUR HOUSE ON SHOOTER'S HILL.

THE PETALS FALL, PENCIL SHAVINGS OF CREAM FLESH.

EVERYTHING CHANGES.

THERE ARE MUFFLED BLUMPINGS NEARBY. STAGE-HANDS ARE REARRANGING THE SCENERY.

CHAPTER 9 VICISSITUDE

IT'S MY BIRTHDAY. I'M STILL IN THE THEATRE, BUT I KNOW THAT IT'S REALLY OUR OLD HOUSE.

I CAN HEAR A PARTY IN THE ROOM UPSTAIRS.

WAIK

They're wild-wood going in Howell!

VALERIE PAGE
HE ROSE FOREST

I KNOW IT'S A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR ME, BUT I HAVE A SINKING FEELING THAT IT WILL BE OVER BY THE TIME I GET THERE.

THE BLACK SHADOWS OF THE PAST
WREN THIS HALF-MAN HALF DEMON!

ROAD TO THE DEAD FOR
WEDDING

IT'S TAKING ME SO LONG TO GET READY.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M BOTHERING TO GET DRESSED UP LIKE THIS, BUT I FEEL AS IF IT'S EXPECTED OF ME.

I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO. I WANT TO GO TO THE PARTY NOW.

BY THE CROSBY
SON
PANKI

EVEY?

I'M GLAD DAD COULD COME. HAVEN'T SEEN HIM MUCH SINCE I STARTED WORK AT THE MATCH FACTORY.

YOU'RE MISSING THE PARTY WE Hired A PUNCH AND JUDY MAN SPECIALLY..

HE LEADS ME UPSTAIRS TO THE PARTY, AND I WONDER IF THIS IS OUR OLD HOUSE AFTER ALL.

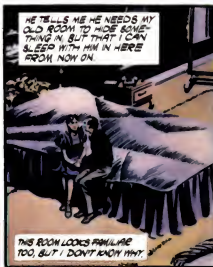


THE STAIRS BEHIND ME OF SOMEWHERE ELSE AND I FEEL SAD BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.



IT LOOKS LIKE I WILL GET TO THE PARTY AFTER ALL... BUT THEN DAD STEERS ME INTO ONE OF THE BEDROOMS.

HE WANTS TO SHOW ME THE SKY FROM THE WINDOW. HE SAYS IT'S YELLOW AND BLACK.



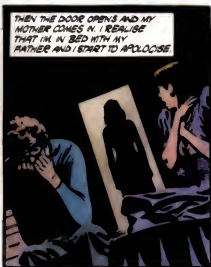
HE TELLS ME HE NEEDS MY OLD ROOM TO HIDE SOMETHING IN. BUT THAT I CAN SLEEP WITH HIM IN HERE FROM NOW ON.

THIS ROOM LOOKS FAMILIAR TOO, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY.



HE STARTS TO KISS ME, AND WE GET INTO BED.

I WONDER IF HE'S ILL? HE LOOKS SO OLD, SUDDENLY.



THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND MY MOTHER COMES IN. I REALISE THAT I'M IN BED WITH MY FATHER AND I START TO APOLOGISE.



SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND. SHE TELLS ME THAT THE ALUNCH AND JUDY MAN IS ABOUT TO START.



I REALISE THAT SHE WANTS TO BE ALONE WITH DAD, SO I GO NEXT DOOR.

OUTSIDE, THE CORRIDOR LOOKS DIFFERENT. I'M CERTAIN NOW: THIS ISN'T OUR HOUSE.



BUT WHERE AM I?

SUDDENLY, I REMEMBER
THAT I'M AT AN OLD FOLKS
HOME IN SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY
MAY HAS BEEN ARRANGED
TO ENTERTAIN THE INVILATES.
WHY DID I THINK IT WAS MY
BIRTHDAY?

I MOVE THROUGH
THE CROWD FOR A
BETTER LOOK AT
WHAT'S HAPPENING
ON STAGE. SOME
VOLUNTEERS HAVE
GONE UP FROM THE
AUDIENCE...

THEY'RE STANDING IN A LINE
IN FRONT OF MR PUNCH /
I THINK I KNOW SOME OF
THEM.

WHAT'S HE GOING
TO DO?



THAT'S THE
WAY TO DO
IT.

OH, DEAR
DEAR DEAR

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY STOP
HIM? EVERYBODY'S JUST
LAUGHING!



I RUN OFF TO FIND MY
MUM AND DAD, KNOWING
AS I DO SO THAT HE'S
SURE TO FOLLOW ME.





I'M VERY FRIGHTENED NOW,
I DON'T RECOGNISE ANY OF
THE CORRIDORS, AND THE
ME PUNCH-MAN WILL TURN
THE CORNER BEHIND ME
ANY SECOND.



I CAN HEAR MY HEART
HAMMERING INSIDE ME.
THERE IS NO OTHER NOISE
IN THE WHOLE THEATRE.



EVERYBODY ELSE MUST
BE DEAD. DAD, MUM,
GORDON...



THEY'VE LEFT ME ALONE
WITH HIM.



I TURN AND RUN
BACK THE WAY I'VE
COME, BUT THE
CORRIDOR HAS
GONE...



AND THERE'S A BIG FLIGHT
OF SPIRAL STAIRS INSTEAD.

MY LEGS ARE HEAVY. I CAN
HARDLY MOVE THEM. HE'S
GOING TO CATCH ME.




I GET TO THE TOP OF THE
STAIRS AND LOOK DOWN
THE WELL...


HE'S COMING UP AFTER
ME. ROUND AND ROUND
HE GOES...



I REMEMBER THAT THERE'S
A LIFT UP HERE THAT GOES
ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE
BASEMENT.



I'LL NEVER GET TO IT
IN TIME.



PLEASE DON'T LET THE
DOORS SHUT BEFORE
I GET TO IT.

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME.



I'M ALMOST THERE.



OH, THANK
GOD.

DOWN, DOWN TO THE
CRAWLING FLOOR. HE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE THE
STAIRS, AND...







THERE'S A RAT.

THERE'S A RAT.

I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING AT ALL, EXCEPT THERE'S A RAT, AND I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME...

I GET ON THE COT, HARD WOOD AGAINST MY BUM, KNEES STIFF WITH CRAMP, DRAWN UP TO MY CHIN...

THERE'S FOUR WALLS, TWO WINDOWS WITH SIX BARS, ONE TOILET WITH NO SEAT, AND THERE'S A WOODEN PARTITION, AND A COT, AND CARVED ON THE COT IS THE NAME "EMMA"...

...AND THERE'S ME...

...AND THERE'S A RAT.

CHAPTER 10 VERMIN



LATER, THE RAT HAS GONE.

I HEAR TWO MEN TALKING IN THE CORRIDOR. SHORTLY, A TRAY COMES THROUGH THE APERTURE IN THE DOOR.

I CAN'T EAT IT.

IF I DON'T EAT IT, THE RAT WILL COME BACK.

I STILL CAN'T EAT IT.

THERE'S A SOCKET RIGHT UP NEAR THE CEILING, BUT NO BULB.

WHEN THE WINDOW LIGHT FAILS, IT'S DARK. I TRY TO SLEEP.

THERE'S A RAT.



BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS
THAT MAKE ME SQUINT,
AND A MAN, SITTING DOWN



MY HANDS ARE SHAKING AND
I WANT TO GO TO THE TOILET.

HE ASKS IF I
KNOW WHY
I'M HERE.

I SAY NO.



HE CALLS ME A LYING LITTLE
BASTARD, AND I FEEL LIKE I'VE
BEEN HIT IN THE STOMACH.

THEY SHOW ME
SOME FILMS NEXT.



THERE'S A GIRL TALKING TO A MAN.
SHE'S SHOWING HER HIPS OUT AT
HIM, BUT IT LOOKS CLUMSY AND
AWFUL. SHE'S A PROSTITUTE, I THINK.



WHY ARE THEY
SHOWING ME
THIS? IS THIS...?

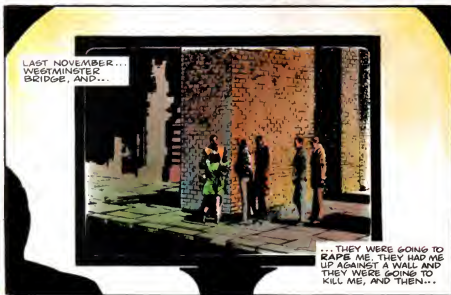
OH.



OH, IT'S ME



LAST NOVEMBER...
WESTMINSTER
BRIDGE, AND...



... THEY WERE GOING TO
RAPE ME. THEY HAD ME
UP AGAINST A WALL AND
THEY WERE GOING TO
KILL ME, AND THEN...



AND THEN...



OH CHRIST



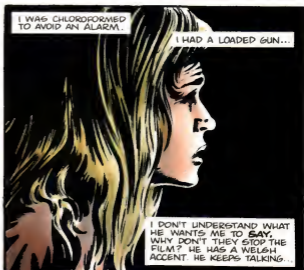
THEY KNOW.



THE MAN STARTS TALKING AGAIN, BUT I'M BARELY LISTENING...

WHAT AM I GOING TO SAY? WHAT CAN I TELL THEM?

HE SAYS I WAS FOUND OUTSIDE THE KITTY KAT KELLER BY OFFICER'S WATCHING THE CLUB PRIOR TO A RAID.



I WAS CHLOROFORMED TO AVOID AN ALARM.

I HAD A LOADED GUN...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WANTS ME TO SAY. WHY DON'T THEY STOP THE FILM? HE HAS A WELSH ACCENT. HE KEEPS TALKING...



... AND THEN HE TELLS ME THAT I'M TO BE FORMALLY CHARGED WITH THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF SENIOR OFFICER PETER CREEBY A FREQUENT CUSTOMER OF THE KITTY KAT KELLER...

AND THEN THE MAN BEHIND ME PUTS THE BLINDFOLD BACK ON.

BLIND, STUMBLING, SOMEONE'S
HAND ON MY WRISTS, TIGHT
ENOUGH TO HURT...

WE GO SOMEWHERE. THEY
PUSH ME DOWN. I SCREAM,
EXPECTING TO FALL...

...BUT THERE'S
A CHAIR

SOMEONE GRABS
HOLD OF MY HAIR

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
I FEEL THEM CUTTING AT IT.

...AND THEN THERE'S
SOMETHING WET...

THEY'RE...

OH NO.
OH GOD...

THEY DON'T
NEED TO DO
THIS...

AFTER A LONG TIME,
IT'S FINISHED.

A DOOR OPENS.
I CAN HEAR A
WOMAN'S VOICE,
VERY CLOSE...

A DOCTOR? DID I HEAR
SOMEONE SAY THAT?

THEY STAND
ME UP, AND...

...I AM GIVEN...
AN EXAMINATION...

I THINK IT'S
THE WOMAN.

...AND THEN THEY
TAKE ME
SOMEWHERE ELSE...

...AND THEY TAKE
OFF THE BLINDFOLD...

...AND THERE'S
A CELL...

...AND THERE'S
A RAT

ONLY NOW
I DON'T MIND
THE RAT...

... BECAUSE I'M
NO BETTER.

LATER, WAKING UP.
OH GOD, I REMEMBER
THEY CUT OFF MY HAIR.

IT'S DARK, AND I
CRY FOR A LONG TIME...

WHAT WOKE ME?
A NOISE...
RUSTLING...

THERE'S A RAT...

I GET UP, IT'S ALMOST
LIGHT AND I CAN SEE
THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

THERE'S SOMETHING
STICKING OUT OF IT...

NOT A RAT...

TOILET PAPER?

BUT WHY...?

THERE ARE FIVE
PAGES, WRITTEN
IN PENCIL.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE. PLEASE
BELIEVE, THERE IS NO WAY I CAN CONVINCE
YOU THAT THIS IS NOT ONE OF THEIR TRICKS
BUT I DON'T CARE. I AM ME, AND I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE YOU.
I HAVE A PENCIL, A LITTLE ONE THEY DID NOT
GIVE ME. I AM A WOMAN. I HAD IT INSIDE ME
PERHAPS I WON'T BE ABLE TO WRITE
AGAIN, SO THIS IS A LONG LETTER ABOUT
MY LIFE. IT IS THE ONLY AUTOBIOGRAPHY
I WILL EVER WRITE AND OH GOD I'M
WRITING IT ON TOILET PAPER.

I LOOK AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE
LAST PAGE FIRST.

HER NAME IS
VALERIE...



I KNOW EVERY NICH OF THIS CELL. I KNOW EVERY PITTED INDENTATION IN THE ROUGH PLASTER LIKE I KNOW MY OWN BODY.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.

I KNOW IT GETS DARK AND THEN LIGHT; THAT I WAKE, THEN SLEEP. THAT TIME PASSES MEASURED IN HAIR GROWING BACK BENEATH MY ARMS WHERE THEY WON'T LET ME SHAVE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS.

I KNOW THAT THERE'S A WOMAN WHO WROTE ME A LETTER ON TOILET PAPER. I KNOW SHE'S ALONE. I KNOW THAT SHE LOVES ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE

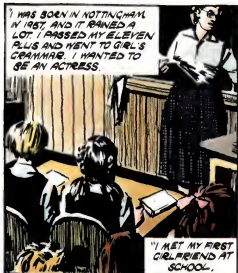
I READ HER LETTER, I HIDE IT. I SLEEP. I WAKE, THEY QUESTION ME, I CRY. IT GETS DARK, IT GETS LIGHT, I READ HER LETTER AGAIN...

... OVER AND OVER...

HER NAME'S VALERIE...

CHAPTER II VALERIE

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
THERE IS NO WAY I CAN
IF THIS IS NOT ONE OF
DON'T CARE. I AM ME,
WHO YOU ARE BUT I LOVE
A PENCIL, A LITTLE ONE
AM A WOMAN. I HID IT
I WON'T BE ABLE TO
TO THIS IS A LONG LETTER
. IT IS THE ONLY AUTOGR
ER WRITE AND ON CO
IT ON TOILET PAPER



"I WAS BORN IN NOTTINGHAM
IN 1957, AND IT RAINED A
LOT. I PASSED MY ELEVEN
PLUS AND WENT TO GIRL'S
GRAMMAR. I WANTED TO
BE AN ACTRESS.

"I MET MY FIRST
GIRLFRIEND AT
SCHOOL.



"HER NAME WAS SARA,
SHE WAS FOURTEEN
AND I WAS FIFTEEN
BUT WE WERE BOTH
IN MISS WATSON'S
CLASS.

"HER WRISTS, HER
WRISTS WERE
BEAUTIFUL.



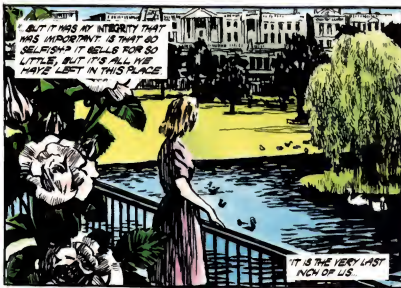
"I SAT IN BIOLOGY
CLASS, STARING AT
THE PICKLED RABBIT
POETUS IN ITS JAR,
LISTENING WHILE
MR HIRD SAID IT WAS
AN ADOLESCENT
PHASE THAT
PEOPLE OUTGROW...

"SARA DID
I DIDN'T



"IN 1976 I STOPPED
PRETENDING AND TOOK
A GIRL CALLED
CHRISTINE HOME TO
MEET MY PARENTS

"A WEEK LATER I MOVED
TO LONDON, ENROLLING
AT DRAMA COLLEGE. MY
MOTHER SAID I BROKE
HER HEART...



"... BUT IT WAS AN INTEGRITY THAT
WAS IMPORTANT. IS THAT SO
SELFISH? IT BELLS FOR SO
LITTLE, BUT IT'S ALL WE
HAVE LEFT IN THIS PLACE

"IT IS THE VERY LAST
MOMENT OF US.



"... BUT WITHIN THAT
MOMENT WE ARE FREE."



ALRIGHT



NOW, MISS HAMMOND, LET'S REVIEW THE FACTS.



YOU WORK FOR CODENAME Y. CODENAME Y KILLS SECURITY OFFICERS PETER CREEDEY IS A SECURITY OFFICER. HE FREQUENTS THE KITTY HAT KILLER.



YOU WERE FOUND OUTSIDE THE ESTABLISHMENT WITH A LOADED GUN.

YOU WERE PLANNING TO MURDER MR. CREEDEY UNDER THE ORDERS OF CODENAME Y.

ISN'T THAT WHAT HAPPENED, MISS HAMMOND?



NO! NO, PLEASE, THAT ISN'T TRUE...

OH DEAR, ROSSITER.

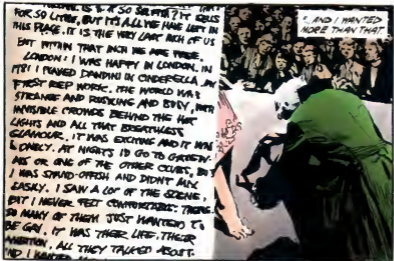
SIR.

NO! WAIT! PLEASE POINT.



LONDON

I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON.



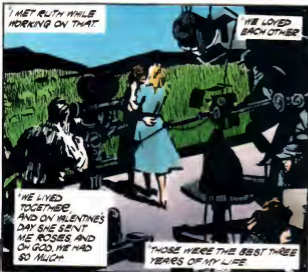
...FOR SO LONG, BUT IT'S ALL THE SAME LEFT IN THIS PAGE. IT IS THE VERY LAST RICH OF US BUT WITHIN THAT RICH WE ARE PURE. LONDON: I WAS HAPPY IN LONDON. IN IT! I PLAYED DANDINI IN CINDERELLA MY FIRST REAL WORK. THE WORLD WAS STEAMING AND BUBBLING AND EVERYWHERE INVISIBLE CROWDS BEHIND THE HURT LIGHTS AND ALL THAT BREATHTAKING GLAMOUR. IT WAS EXCITING AND IT WAS ONLY. AT NIGHTS I'D GO TO GREETINGS OR ONE OF THE OTHER CLUBS, BUT I WAS STUND-OFFISH AND DIDN'T MIX EASILY. I SAW A LOT OF THE SCENE, BUT I NEVER FELT COMFORTABLE: THERE SO MANY OF THEM JUST WANTED TO BE GAY. IT WAS THEIR LIFE, THEIR AMBITION, ALL THEY TALKED ABOUT.

...AND I WANTED MORE THAN THAT



"WORK IMPROVED. I GOT SMALL FILM ROLES, THEN BIGGER ONES

"IN 1960 I STARTED IN THE SALT FLATS IT PULLED IN THE AWARDS BUT NOT THE CROWDS



"I MET RUTH WHILE WORKING ON THAT.

"WE LOVED EACH OTHER

"WE LIVED TOGETHER AND ON VALENTINE'S DAY SHE SENT ME ROSES AND ON GOD, WE HAD SO MUCH

"THOSE WERE THE BEST THREE YEARS OF MY LIFE




"IN 1969 THERE WAS THE WAR...



"...AND AFTER THAT THERE WERE NO MORE ROSES.



"NOT FOR ANYBODY.



"IN 1993, AFTER THE TAKE-OVER, THEY STARTED ROUNDING UP THE GAYS. THEY TOOK RUTH WHILE SHE WAS OUT LOOKING FOR FOOD.

"WHY ARE THEY SO FRIGHTENED OF U.S.?"

"THEY BURNED HER WITH CIGARETTE ENDS AND MADE HER GIVE THEM MY NAME. SHE SIGNED A STATEMENT SAYING I'D SEDUCED HER.

"I DIDN'T BLAME HER.

"GOD, I LOVED HER. I DIDN'T BLAME HER.

"BUT SHE DID

"SHE KILLED HERSELF IN HER CELL. SHE COULDN'T LIVE WITH BETRAYING ME, WITH GIVING UP THAT LAST NCH.

"OH RUTH.

"THEY CAME FOR ME. THEY TOLD ME THAT ALL MY FILMS WOULD BE BURNED.

"THEY SHAVED OFF MY HAIR. THEY HELD MY HEAD DOWN A TOILET BOYL, AND TOLD JOKES ABOUT LESBIANS.

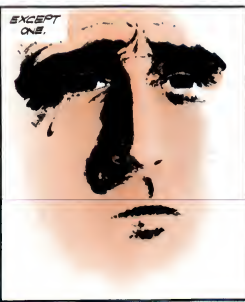
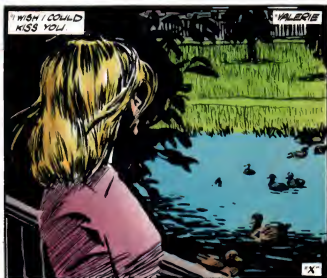
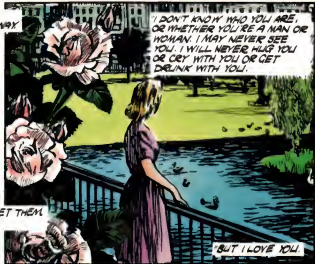
"THEY BROUGHT ME HERE AND GAVE ME DRUGS. I CAN'T FEEL MY TONGUE ANIMORE. I CAN'T SPEAK.

"THE OTHER GAY WOMAN HERE, RITA, DIED TWO WEEKS AGO. I IMAGINE I'LL DIE QUITE SOON.

"IT IS STRANGE THAT MY LIFE SHOULD END IN SUCH A TERRIBLE PLACE, BUT FOR THREE YEARS I HAD ROSES AND I APOLOGISED TO NOBODY.

"EXCEPT ONE.

"I SHALL DIE HERE EVERY NCH OF ME SHALL PERISH...









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